

Poetry.

The two following were read at the celebration on the First of August, in Lenox, Massachusetts.

LINES

Suggested by circumstances attending the night of the 1st of July, 1842, in Antigua.

By Mrs. CHARLES SEDGWICK.

It is the noon of night,
Yet the slave seeks no repose;
Thou "wail" and "weep" with toil,
His eyes are never closed.

"Thy midnight—yet broad day
Is dawning in his soul,
And wakes it to a new-born joy,
Too mighty for control.

"Thy midnight—yet behold
The churches filled with thee,
With silent, solemn worshippers,
An awe-struck company.

Gods spirit surely broods
O'er that hush'd, holy hour,
As once upon the water's face,
With life-inspiring power.

The clock strikes twelve, its tones
The solemn stillness break;
A message slowly it proclaims,
Might even the dead awake.

And voices now burst forth
In weeping or in prayer,
Or in sweet songs of fervent praise,
Breadth'd o'er the listening air.

What spoke that wondrous bell!
Thou words of sacred power,
Thou, "hush'd" and "starry skies,"
Once broke the midnight hour.

Man understood them not,
Or gave them little heed;
Yet, treasure'd in the sacred page,
They served his stout need.

"Good things of great joy,"
The slave at length have reach'd;
A man, he treats the earth in peace,
"Good will" to him is preach'd.

"Glorious God he sings—
Thou earth is his great friend;
And to our common Father now
A joyful Anthem raise."

H. Y. M. N.

Almighty Father! God of all!
Our being's origin, and end!
On thee our hearts are ever call'd,
On thee our confidence placed.

This fair material world reveals
Thy word's power, thy gift, thy grace;
But man, who thinks, who feels,
Thine own divinity doth trace.

Thine image in him we trace,
Thou "wings" oppress, the "guilt" deprave;
Whether he country, how, or race,
Be he monarch or a slave.

From pole to pole, in either zone,
Throughout the earth thy power upholds,
On human brotherhood is based,
Thy work as conquering, care enfolds.

But weak as we, we would claim
An erring, partial God to prove;
And thus presumptuously
To bound Infinity of Love!

Forgive us, Father! that we can
Thus falsely reason, blindly see;
Teach us to own our brother man,
As he is ever own'd by Thee!

HARVEST FIELDS.

By MARY HOWITT.

In the young and merry time of spring,
When "clay" is light to burst;
And blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer's round is o'er;
And in the garden and field,
A thousand flowers unfold;
Before a green leaf yet is seen,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then, as day and night succeed,
And summer weathers on,
And in the flowery garden beds
The red rose grows and blows;
And hollyhocks, and sunflowers tall,
O'er the mossy garden walk;

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes forth, like a life thought,
The fair, white, thistle down;
Oh, then, what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie,
And all around, on sun-bell slopes,
The pile of sheaves of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest fields of yore.

I feel the day, I see the field;
The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour, when the grain
Is with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers mow a cone,
Bending under their sickle's stroke,
And beak looking on,
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleams stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight;
God's living gift of love to him,
The kind, good shepherd's walk;
To mortal pains I see him yield,
And the dead hear him in his dream.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour take his way
Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they are to me,
The reaper's toil, the piled up sheaves,
To me are like a dream.

The sunning, and the very air,
Seem of old time, and take me there.

The seasons came, and went, and went and came
To teach men gratitude; and as they pass'd
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
They were not heedful of the passing hours.
Retiring and stopping for the wilderness.
Told of mankind, and peace, and love.
The dew came down unseen, at even-tide,
And silently their bonnets shed, to reach
Mankind unnoted charity.
With man's arm, the forest rose on high,
And leonards of beauty were seen,
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Did call to duty, gratitude and love.

Miscellany.

From the "Forest Life" of Mr. Charles.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

Our friend, Mr. Hay, has a noble farm. His

deeds, and his "forest life" are a noble

deeds. A wide tract of forest land lies in his

clearing, and this, too, calls him master. He is wont

to boast that he has not a single acre of land

more than his own in the county; and he boasts still

louder that it is all the fruit of his own industry,

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the profitable art of word-catching, at the risk of

biting his tongue with his dinner, Seymour sat

in an unbroken silence, which seemed stupor

to him. He was not unmindful of the fact that

present circumstances, the fact that Tim Rice might

find his best resting place something that

he would not like him. That Tim Rice was a

man, to be sure, and as John Wilkes

to hang him. Punishment to prevent crime. It

comes like the physician's prescription at the

funeral, too late. Trembling to prevent crime. Why

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